

A Darkness Never Ending

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Summary: A short(?) rant from one of my favorite characters to write.
ONESHOT.

A Darkness Never Ending

I know what some may think of me.

And I know that I will never be loved the way he is. I'm not naive enough to assume that a few heroic deeds here and there to save my own skin will earn me the compassion of anyone, let alone millions of people. To everyone except my Light, I am nothing more than a dark twist on a stressed child. A demon without feelings or even a will of my own. A monster only to be let out when a dire situation has overtaken a kindhearted man.

"_Dark"_, they call me. Fitting, I suppose, as when I began I was nothing more than just the deepest, darkest desires of a boy who knew they were unacceptable. And as he, unknowingly, took his first steps toward the blinding light that formed his future, I rose from the very depths of the Abyss and became his mirror. A demon of the Void, no more than a speck of darkness that had latched onto his mind.

But I did not corrupt him, as any other "demon" would have done. No. I sweetly urged him toward his destiny - toward the light that blinded me. And with every step into his future my vision of power dimmed further. But at the same time, every step into the light made his shadow grow - and I grew with it. From a speck, a tiny, shadowy spark, I was fanned into a blazing wildfire of dark wishes and hellish desires. But I did not consume him, as any other would have. I hid away in the back of his mind - resting until he grew angry enough to use my power.

Never once did I urge him into using me. I let him decide - let him think he had some shred of power over me. I could have easily forced him to kill everyone who ever got in his way. But I didn't.

And as time went on, he began to acknowledge that I had a will of my own. Soon he even began to consider me a part of him - the darkest part, of course. I didn't mind being labelled as such. Whatever would calm his mind. Whatever made him feel safer. If he felt secure, then so be it. Somewhere along the line, I think I did actually become part of him, because as the years passed, I found myself becoming more and more engrossed in his affairs and less and less inclined to have him use my power.

Eventually, he regarded me almost as a friend. We spoke in his mind often enough - and I calmed him when he became stressed, or so incredibly angry that he considered using my power to not only fight someone; but kill them. I never let him decide to let me out unless he was thinking about it rationally. And while, from time to time, I suggested allowing me to control him in order to help him through a situation, I never expected him to agree. I let him be wary of my power - in fact I encouraged him to be wary of the darkness.

The less he used me, the better. He didn't deserve to fall from grace now - not now that the light was so bright I could no longer look without fear of literal blindness.

And now, after everything that has happened, he no longer regards me as a part of him, or as a friend. No, not at all... Now he regards me as a brother - a member of his ragtag group of friends that stuck it out with us through everything. It brightens every day a bit to think about that...

I suppose that, no matter if no one else respects my kindness, no matter if he is the only one who realizes that I am not evil, I can settle for that. But I am not his brother - I know that. I am not a being of my own making, either. I am nothing more than his dark side. All I know about myself other than that is that I never wanted to take over him. I never wanted to lead him astray or make him fall from grace. All I ever wanted was to leave the never ending darkness I was trapped in.

I wanted to be loved, to be cherished, to be called a hero... And in a way, I suppose I got what I wanted. He is all of those things.

But it isn't the same. I'm sure you understand - having someone else who is like you be praised for all their good work is satisfying. And if it were just them being praised and you being ignored, it remains that way, even if the pain of being ignored gnaws at your very soul. Because at least no one knows you exist. It is far less enjoyable, by comparison, to have someone like you praised for being the epitome of goodness and light while you yourself are scorned for simply existing. Called a demon, a darkness that corrupts the mind...
"_Dark_ so and so", or "The Dark Side/Form of so and so"...

Oh well. Beggars simply can't be choosers - I begged for a way out of that darkness for so long I could no longer beg aloud, and I certainly got what I asked for. I got out of that darkness. Had I known, however, that I was to be pulled from that unending sea of blackness and thrown headlong into the shadow cast by a denizen of the light, I would have held my breath and waited until I grew powerful enough to leave on my own.

Dash it all. What am I talking about? I know I wouldn't have it any other way now. All the negativity on the subject of my existence

aside, things have turned out rather well for me. Because at least now, not everyone thinks I am a useless monster that only knows how to destroy the lives of others. And even though only a handful of people think I'm even remotely useful, it's enough. But you know what really makes it all worth it? Him.

He can see me for what I really was all along. A lost soul trying to help in the only way I knew how. And though I had selfish reasons for doing so at the start, he understands. "No one wants to fade away into all-consuming darkness." He told me once when I approached him with the matter. He knows that all I wanted was a taste of the light. And he has given it to me. Because while everyone else scorns me or simply respects my power and authority, he truly appreciates my existence. He has thanked me on more than one occasion for all the help I do my best to provide. He's even told me once or twice that he's happy I'm around. Glad I exist.

And one person loving me, cherishing me, that much, is better than if a million people had blinked in recognition of my name.

End
file.